THE CHURCH MONTHLY

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CONTENTS

	Page
MORAL REALITY IN RELIGION.....Sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick	345
PRAYER .....by Harry Emerson Fosdick	351
GEORGE WASHINGTON—THE MAN.....by Arthur E. Bestor	352
THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.....by Margaret T. Applegarth	355
WORSHIP SERVICE PROGRAMS IN APRIL, presented by the Riverside Guild	355
THE LATCHSTRING	357
IF I WERE SATAN.....by L. Earl Jackson	359
THE DEPRESSION ARRIVES.....	360
A COCKPIT THAT BECAME A CHURCH.....	361
A VERSION OF HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.....	361
AT ODDS	362

ILLUSTRATIONS

"HE IS RISEN"—a detail from the Flemish Windows.....	344
IMMORTALITY—a detail from the Chancel Rail.....	350
THE MEN'S CLASS CHORUS.....	356

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"He Is Risen"

A detail study of the scene at the Tomb after the Resurrection, as pictured in the Sixteenth Century Flemish Windows in the Narthex.

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Moral Reality in Religion

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

MANY people today are puzzled about belief in God. They are not deliberately atheists and even their uncertainty about God they gladly would escape from, but what is the use of pretending to believe in God if one finds one's faith unreal and ineffective? Above all things one ought to be genuine with oneself when one thinks about God.

Now, this need of getting moral reality into any faith that one can muster, while it is modernly acute, is nothing new. One finds it in the New Testament—indeed, outspokenly in the New Testament. One of the most searching sayings in that book, I think, is the text we shall talk about this morning: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

That might be called the charter of moral reality in religion. Certainly, from the start it ought to challenge us who are traditionally Christians and, therefore, are tempted complacently to believe in God and take him for granted. Were one to accept at its face value what one sees and hears in church one would suppose that all churchmen loved God. Gorgeous architecture in praise of him, humble prayers offered before him, hymns of adoring love addressed to him—how we seem to love God! And yet here, not from an outside, unfriendly critic, mind you, but from one of the most profoundly Christian souls in history, the writer of John's First epistle, comes this word laying its uncompromising hand upon the danger of pretense in all this and saying, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God"—or, as the Revised Version puts it even more strongly, he "cannot love God whom he hath not seen."

Note at once that in this matter John has Jesus on his side. The world at large has thought of Jesus as specifically belonging to the religious realm, and then, interpreting religion as men often do in terms quite aloof from life and mainly theological, the world has gotten Jesus all tangled with the problems of the cosmic God and left him there. The imagination of the historic church working upon Jesus has largely abstracted him from the stories of the Gospels and set him in the framework of the creeds so that to many people today he is no longer the Teacher of Galilee at all but the Second Person of a metaphysical Trinity. When, however, one turns aside from all this accumulated religion about Jesus to look at the religion of Jesus, one finds oneself dealing not primarily with speculative theology but with human relationships and facing a tremendous moral insistence that all faith in God is a hollow sham that does not start from and return to and root itself in the love of man.

In Jesus' story of the Good Samaritan, the priest and Levite believed in God. They left the hapless victim of the robbers unhelped by the roadside and went their way up to the temple to worship God, but as Jesus goes on with his story one can see that he is feeling about the religion of those inhumane men just what John felt: if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen!

The religious leaders also to whom Jesus spoke his parable on the Judgment believed in God. Every morning, noon, and evening with scrupulous care they repeated the confession of their faith: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God the Lord is One," but as Jesus speaks his story of condemnation, "I was hungry, and ye did not give me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me," one hears there in that swelling diapason of judgment the theme of John: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen——."

So the Master kept meeting people who believed in God, recited the ancient creeds, and even were pugnacious over controversial theology, but in whose faith he could not find moral reality. "If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Aye, if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen!

Note also that not only did John get this moral insistence from Jesus but it is of one piece with the profoundest Christian idea of God.

Many people today, puzzled about God, keep asking, Who is God? What kind of being is God? I suggest another question altogether which goes much more closely to the heart of our problem: Where is God? That is the real question: Where is God? Where are we looking for him? Where do we expect to find him? Now, the thoughts of multitudes, when they face that question, do not turn inward to the depths of their own souls and their brother man's but go out into the universe. God is a dim figure behind the universe. He is a vague but gigantic individual, off somewhere, who created the cosmos, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent. And when in religious poetry they figure him they make him a monarch:

"O worship the King, all glorious above."

Let us be frank with ourselves about that. We might conceivably believe in the existence of a being like that but could we love him? What possible meaning ever could get into the word "love" as applied to a gigantic cosmic sovereign like that? Absolutely no meaning! And no man who ever confined himself to that outside approach to the thought of God ever dreamed of loving him. One might fear such a God, stand in awe of him, believe in his existence, but love him? never!

Nevertheless, when one turns to the New Testament one finds men there not talking much about believing in God; they love him. Their language is lyric. Their faith in God is not a cool or fearful credence but a passionate devotion. They are constrained, empowered, and illumined by their love for God.

Be sure of this: those men of the New Testament are not pretending. They are risking their lives launching a new faith against the hatred of its parent Judaism and the hostility of its surrounding paganism, and they are not pretending. They are talking about an experience utterly real to them and the secret of it goes back to their answer to the question: Where is God? Listen to them: "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Aye, ask them where God is and their thought does not shoot off among the stars but goes deep down within human life—there is God. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Aye, that is where God is, in all moral excellence inspired within the life of man. "God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." Aye, that is where you discover the Divine, wherever love illumines human life.

My friends, if we could get this New

Testament location of God — within the temple of man's own life, identical with whatever goodness, truth, or beauty one might find there—believed by Christians and lived upon, what transforming consequences would come!

Look at some of them. For one thing, we could really love God. You see, there are two ends to God, the cosmic end and the human end, the one far off and very vast, the other close at hand and very real. The cosmic end of God I wonder at when I hear a man like Einstein say that this is a universe of five dimensions. What is the cosmic God like, anyway? But the human end of God I love when I see the Divine life made beautiful in human character. The kind of God who may be in the Constellation of Andromeda I marvel at but the kind of God who unveils himself in the character of Christ I love. From the time when as children we got our first ideas of the Divine from our fathers and mothers until, growing up, the seers of the race began to be real to us or we fell under the spell of Christ, the only Divine that you and I have ever yet succeeded in loving was the human end of him, and all that is best in our lives has come from loving that.

Of course, this is the very gist of the Christian idea of the Incarnation. I beg of you, do not make the Incarnation an affair of sophisticated and difficult theology. At the beginning it was not that. It was the most simple and vital religion. Those of you who are at home in theology know what Dr. McGiffert has been telling us, that even those early Christians were not sure about the cosmic God. They had grave and controversial questions about him and sometimes they were almost swept off their feet, as in Gnosticism, by strange ideas concerning him, but one thing they did all agree upon: that whatever might be true about the cosmic end of God, the human end of God had come to them in Christ. That was close at hand. That was homely. They could see that. It was beautiful. They loved him. They gave their hearts to the Divine life they saw in Christ. He was their God. That was their religion, that they had found the human end of the Divine in Jesus and loved it.

That first-hand discovery of Divine quality inside human life, so that you love it and give your heart to it, is real and everything else real in religion springs from it. I beg of you, do not make this matter of belief in God merely a tangled problem. Wherever else God is, he is here. However far he may reach, he is close at hand, too. See him in the spiritual loveliness of human life at its best. Let him lay hold upon you there. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

In the second place, let us go on to see that the recognition of this common-sense, direct approach to religion from its human end would help deeply our puzzled thinking about the larger problem of God. It is a pity to hear some people calling themselves atheists when they are not really atheists. They are simply denying this or that idea of God and, if they only knew it, probably intelligent Christian ministers have long been denying that idea of God, so that to many a puzzled mind one often longs to talk like this:

> Do not suppose that one either believes or disbelieves in God. God is not a small, finite thing that one either believes or disbelieves in. Nobody ever will succeed in believing in all of God. There is too much of him for that. And I think nobody ever will succeed in disbelieving in all of God. One must believe a little in that human end of the Divine or life is not worth living at all. The realistic truth is that some of us believe in more of God and some in less of him. Let a man say to himself then, not, I will believe in God, as though he could believe in all of God and finish it, nor yet, I will disbelieve in God, as though he could disbelieve in all of God and finish that. Let him say, Come now, I will see how much of God I can believe in. Start

where you are, at the human end with all that is beautiful in human life and, above all, with Christ. Believe in that at least, give your heart to that, and then see how much more of God you can believe in.

You may go as much farther as Jeans and Einstein and Edison, believing in intelligence behind the universe. Says Jeans: "The Great Architect of the Universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician." Go that far, then. Say you believe in the Divine life which you see close at hand and also in the intelligence behind the universe. That is a great deal of God to believe in.

You might go as much farther than that as philosophers like Hocking and Wieman. Up the long spiral of the ages we can see mankind slowly climb, so that when one takes a far look back to some stone age one rather would be here than there. Can that be all aimless chance? The cosmos that creates personality and across the ages supports moral progress must have something spiritual at the roots of it, and behind our unclear thinking a Divine Purpose moves. Well, go that far, then. To believe in the Divine life that you can see and love here and then in the intelligence and purposefulness behind the universe—that is a great deal of God to believe in.

You might go farther than that. There may not be an artist in this universe but plainly there is artistry. Why should the aimless dance of atoms make sunsets and autumnal trees? Why should mindless matter make the balanced structure of infinitesimal organisms more beautiful than human artists dream, or the majestic order of the law-abiding heavens on clear nights as though the stars once more "sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" Why should dynamic dirt going it blind make symmetry and rhythm and light and color and the endless charm of their variety—white birch trees against green backgrounds, sea spray blown on a windy day, or the face of a little child? Sometimes I think that if all other evidence for the Divine should vanish I still should have to believe that there is an artist somewhere at the heart of things. Go that far, then. You believe in the Divine life to be seen and loved here, and in the intelligence and purposefulness and artistry behind the universe. That is a great deal of God to believe in.

You may go one step farther. It would be strange if intelligence and purposefulness and artistry were creative in this universe and love were not. It is the greatest thing in our world. It must have come from somewhere. It must either be an accidental inadvertence in the universe or else a revelation of something deep in the heart of things. What if, behind all the mystery and pain, it is really true that God is love?

You see what we are saying. Nobody believes in all of God; there is too much of him. Nobody disbelieves in all of God; some of him is close at hand to see. The question is: How much of God do you believe in? And the profoundest fact behind this extension of our thought of God out into the cosmos is that it is all rooted back in human life. Intelligence, purposefulness, artistry, love—they all are human attributes and the only meaning that ever can get into them anywhere must get into them because we love them here at the human end. If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can be love God whom he hath not seen?

This brings us to our final matter, which is a serious word to traditional Christians. Consider: In 1730, in Barnstable, Massachusetts—mark that! Massachusetts—John Bacon made his will in which he gave upon his death a slave woman, Dinah, to his wife for her lifetime, and he added this: "If at the death of my said wife, Dinah be still living, I direct my executors to sell her, and to use and improve the money for which she is sold in the purchase of Bibles, and to distribute them equally among my wife's and my grandchildren." So! Sell in an open market an old family slave who through a long lifetime has served the

household honestly, and with the purchase money buy Bibles! That is a parable of the saddest thing in Christendom's history: belief in God mingled with inhumanity to man.

In this regard we constantly are told that if we believe in God we ought to love man, as though, if a man started somehow with faith in the cosmic God he would then, by logical consequence, be humane. History bears witness to the failure of such logic. Millions of people have believed in God and yet in war, persecution, and greed have been cruelly inhumane. Our morning's text goes a thousand miles deeper than that: if you are not humane you cannot love God. All so-called faith in God apart from love of man is a hollow formula. Whatever reality ever gets into any man's faith in God must come from genuine, homely, day by day, serviceable love of man. That is New Testament doctrine and it is real. The serious and disturbing upshot of this matter is that many people who disbelieve in God really love God more than some believers do. They have at least fallen in love with the human end of God, even though they do not call him by that name. They are not sure what they think about the cosmic God. They are confused about him. They call themselves agnostic concerning him but they do care about man, see divine possibilities in man, and in economic justice, international peace, public philanthropy, and honorable character they live laborious days for man.

What do you suppose God thinks about that? Well, we know what Christ thought about that because he told us. A humane Samaritan, who, being a Samaritan, was a heretic and would not go near the Temple, he marked high. But the inhumane priest and Levite, preoccupied with God, he marked low.

My friends, this matter is pertinent to us at the beginning of this hard winter. What is the use of our talking in a church like this about God if our hearts are not open to men? What would any God worth believing in care for our faith in him if he did not see we were concerned to help the needy and help build a better social order to prevent the recurrence of so outrageous a catastrophe? What we have been trying to say today comes at least to this: keep you religion homely; never let it get too far away from common earth and grow sophisticated and grandiose; keep it warm with simple humanity; and as thus you make your religion morally real in daily living, do not think that you are getting away from the great centers of the Christian faith. That is the only way we ever will understand the New Testament: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen."

PRAYER

Eternal God, we lift up our hearts and consciences against all sham and insincerity in our religion. We who call ourselves disciples of Christ, who above all else hated hypocrisy, dare not talk about faith, priding ourselves in believing, when human life is not dear to us. Send us out, we beseech Thee, really to care about our brethren. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on October 25, 1931.

IMMORTALITY

The sleeping soldier, the open tomb, the risen Christ and Mary
(A detail from the Chancel Rail)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL God, Who without our asking it hast set us in this mysterious scheme of circumstance, widely we would open the doors and windows of our souls to Thee. Why hidest Thou Thyself from us that so often our search for Thee seems vain? We crave the experience of Thy people who have so felt the pressure of Thy presence, Thy purpose and good-will that they have cried, Whither shall we flee from Thy presence? whither shall we go from Thy spirit? In the beauty of nature and in the silent intimations of our own souls become real to us. In the revealing relationships of friendship and family through which Thou dost shine upon us, make Thyself vivid to us. In all that is excellent and worthy, courageous and full of hope in human life, in victories of light over darkness, love over hate, good over evil, in days past, and in every hope for tomorrow's triumphs become Thou real to us.

Lift us in this hour of worship above the common levels of our life. Give us perspective and horizon. Refresh us as from living fountains with some grace and beauty, some truth and insight that we may go forth strengthened for the journey of life. Shine upon us with Thine own illumination. Strengthen us in the secret places of the soul. May faith take the place of fear, courage take the place of cowardice, and we be strengthened.

We lift up before Thee our work. Forgive us that it grows so dusty with drudgery. From within may some creative imagination of our souls fall upon it that it may grow meaningful.

We lift up before Thee our friendships. Forgive us that so often we spoil them. For all cherished grudges, for all silly and harmful speech, for all unkindness of heart and lowness of mood by which our friendships suffer, O God, forgive us. Set once more these beautiful relationships to our lips like silver trumpets and may we blow music through them.

We lift up our troubles. Forgive us that too frequently they conquer us and we do not master them. O God, Who hast set us in this strange world where it is often difficult to be happy but where on every side there are splendid chances to grow character if we are only strong, give us the faith and insight and the strength of soul that we may build character out of trouble.

We lift up our church, its boys and girls, its youths and maidens, its men and women bearing the heavy burdens of life, and its elders drawing near to their long rest. Gather us together in one fellowship of spiritual aspiration and in this place of beauty and of opportunity, where Thou hast set us, make us more worthy to bear the name of Christ.

O God, so make Thy presence real to us this day that we may carry it out into tomorrow's most common business. Especially we beseech Thee for this chaotic world. So long ago the prophets sang of peace and Christ came with his benediction upon the peacemakers. Yet see how we fall short of the things they dreamed. O God, raise up leadership out of this people. Lay Thy hand intimately upon some soul here today so that because of him or her the years ahead may be fairer for the children of men and this earth a more decent place in which Thou mayest rear Thy family.

Strengthen those who take counsel for disarmament. Beat back the swords of war, and grant that with peace in our own hearts we may become peacemakers for the world and so be called the children of God.

We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

George Washington—The Man

By Arthur E. Bestor

An address before a joint session of the Men's Class and the Riverside Guild in the Assembly Hall on Feb. 28, 1932, at 7:30 o'clock.

WASHINGTON'S associations with New York City are greater in number and more significant than with any other American city. The battles of Long Island, Harlem Heights and Fort Washington were important in the history of the American Revolution. It was on the balcony of the Federal Building, where the Sub-Treasury now stands, that he took the oath of office as the first President of the United States. St. Paul's Church was his place of worship and Fraunces Tavern where he took leave of his officers. A tablet in the pier in Brooklyn Bridge records the location of the Franklin House at the corner of Cherry and Franklin Streets, where he lived from his inauguration until Feb. 23, 1790. A house on Broadway just south of Trinity Church then became the Presidential mansion until the Capital was moved to Philadelphia. There are other buildings in and about the city which were his headquarters during the war and when he visited on his journeys through the city. One of the most interesting is the Philipse Manor House in Yonkers because here he unsuccessfully courted Mary Philipse, for whom his successful rival built the Jumel Mansion overlooking the Harlem.

There were fishing parties at Sandy Hook and picnics with members of the cabinet at Fort Washington and visits to the Van Cortlandt Manor House. There is a certain timeliness for a citizen in the metropolitan area in this item from Washington's diary: "My public allowance (whatever the world may think of it) is inadequate to the expense of living in this city; to such an extravagant height have the necessaries as well as the conveniences of life arisen."

Some who have had to come to New York may sympathize with Washington who, when leaving Mt. Vernon for this city, had to send his secretary to Alexandria to borrow $600 and wrote, "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mt. Vernon, to private life and domestic felicity and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express set out for New York."

George Washington has suffered more from his biographers than any man in history. Because so little was known of his early boyhood and education, much was invented. His first biographer, a wandering parson who claimed association with "the parish of Mount Vernon," which never existed, plagiarized material from other boyhood lives and invented pious stories which for generations made Washington an unreal and forbidding character.

When his writings were first published liberties were taken which were designed to improve his spelling, correct his punctuation, alter his grammar and tone down his meaning. His comment on a contemplated appropriation that "One hundred thousand dollars will be but a fleabite" was changed to read "One hundred thousand dollars will be totally inadequate." When he wrote "Our rascally privateersmen go on at the old rate," rascally was taken out as not a suitable expression for him to use. The result was that he was made a stiff, conventional figure, a symbol of those qualities which we like to associate with founders but do not feel it necessary to emulate. And some of the latest biographers have subjected documents and actions to a minute examination which has oftentimes led to unfair interpretations of Washington's character. This bicentennial of his birth

ought certainly to offer opportunity to make a full appraisal of his character which will make him more vital, human and understandable. The monographs of the United States George Washington Bicentennial are admirable in their presentation of various aspects of his life and character.

There are some who would deny Washington something of his essential Americanism by characterizing him as an English country gentleman who had a beautiful estate on the Potomac River and whose essential character was derived from the Old World. It is true that he was born into the aristocracy of Virginia, that he inherited much property, that he married a woman of large estate and that he was one of the wealthiest men in America when he died. How fortunate was his country that one with such a background and such a position should have devoted one-half of his mature life to the public service, that during the Revolutionary War he should have been willing to visit his beloved Mount Vernon only twice, that he should have refused to accept any salary as Commander-in-Chief of the American army, and that he should have paid out over $60,000 as expenses during that struggle.

But one who reads of his early life and the experience which really developed his character finds a setting of pioneer days. No leader in our history ever endured greater physical hardships. His educational opportunities were meagre, but there is every evidence of his taking advantage of every possibility which came to him. To such good effect did he master mathematics and surveying that his surveys are still basic. At the age of 17 he invested his first earnings of £100 he had earned in his first year as official surveyor for Culpeper County in 500 acres of uncultivated land in Frederick County. By 21 years of age he had earned $20,000 and this was before those military exploits which gave him a European reputation by the time he was 23.

Washington's interest in military affairs was inevitable. His half-brother, Lawrence, fourteen years his senior, from whom he inherited Mount Vernon, had been the second commanding officer of Virginia troops in the expedition against Cartagena. When the younger brother came to live at Mount Vernon he was constantly thrown with officers who had served with Lawrence Washington. The settlements of the frontier were constantly in danger of Indian attacks and the French were challenging the English claims to the Ohio country. When he was only 21 Washington was chosen by the Governor to make a dangerous journey to deliver a message to the French Commander at Fort Le Boeuf near Lake Erie. Later he was to lead the military expeditions which involved fighting at Great Meadows and the surrender of Fort Necessity. By the time he was 23 his name was well known in England. His participation in the Braddock expedition, concerning which a schoolgirl wrote that "four horses were shot under him and the fourth went through his clothes," enhanced his reputation for coolness and bravery. Later he was to have a part in the expedition by which Fort Duquesne passed into the English hands and was renamed Fort Pitt where the City of Pittsburgh now stands.

The story of the Revolutionary campaigns does not concern us here. No commanding officer ever faced greater difficulties—lack of clothing and ammunition and all the necessities for warfare, refusal of discipline, the succession of new levies, poor training of officers, the number of foreign officers who came for appointments, and the constant necessity of putting pressure upon the Continental Congress for money, supplies and soldiers. All of these difficulties were met by Washington almost alone since his was the responsibility of keeping his army together and avoiding battles except upon his own terms. No success in military campaigns was ever so greatly dependent upon the fortitude, courage, and pertinacity of a single man. Yet the campaign which resulted in the surrender of Yorktown was marvelously con-

ceived, faultlessly executed, and carried out with almost complete secrecy by movement of the troops from West Point across New Jersey to the Yorktown Peninsula. Von Moltke once remarked, "You have in American history one of the greatest captains of all times. It might be said of him, as it was of William the Silent, that he seldom won a battle but he never lost a campaign."

Washington's experience and ability as a business man prepared him for the work of organizing and administering the Army, for building up the Government when he became its head, and for supporting Hamilton in all of his efforts to provide a strong financial structure for the nation. One must remember that Washington was a scientific farmer.

But he was also a business man on a large scale for the times. He was interested in the improvement of water-ways, in the building of canals, in the formation of commercial companies and in investments in land. He believed in a growing country and in the development of the west. Thomas Jefferson is said to have remarked that it would be a thousand years before the country was settled to the Mississippi River. But Washington bought great tracts of land along the Ohio and Kanawha rivers and on the Little Miami in Kentucky, and 6000 acres in the Mohawk Valley in central New York with George Clinton. When he died he owned nearly 70,000 acres widely scattered, besides lots in Washington, Alexandria and Winchester and 8,800 acres in his Mount Vernon estate.

He was a prime mover in the Potomac River Company in an attempt to join that river to the headwaters of the Ohio by road or canal. This company did improve the Potomac by dredging the shallow places and by building the canal around the Great Falls just above Washington. As early as 1854 he went through the Alleghenies on the line afterwards followed by the canal to Cumberland and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He was always interested in transportation problems and in the building of roads. His interest in surveying never waned. In the last month of his life we find him working with L'Enfant in laying out the new capital city which was to owe something of its beauty and spaciousness to the engineering foresight and executive ability of him whose name it bears.

With Washington the citizen and statesman we are not dealing in this account of his other activities. But it was the character which he thus developed, the genius for organization which he needed for public tasks, and his knowledge of the country as a whole and its diversified needs which made Jefferson say, "He was the only man in the United States who possessed the confidence of all; there was no other who was considered more than a party leader." And when he retired from the presidency Washington revealed the controlling motive of his life in asking no other reward than "to share in the midst of my fellow-citizens the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart."

To what did Washington owe that dominant influence which he exercised in so many fields of activity? That he did not claim for himself perfection or omniscience and that he feared just the kind of reputation which he has acquired through his unfortunate biographers, of whom 1000 have already essayed that task, is shown by his remark, "That I have foibles and perhaps many of them I shall not deny. I should esteem myself, as the world would, vain and empty were I to arrogate perfection."

He was no scholar, his spelling was often curious, his literary style is a trifle ponderous and his state papers have sometimes been described as dull. To such men as James Otis, John Adams, and Patrick Henry belong the title of orators of the Revolution. We have only two of his set speeches preserved for us, the first and second Inaugural Addresses. He was not a

(*Continued on page* 361)

The Interpreter's House

Nineteen hundred years ago it was said, "and a certain woman named Martha received Him into her house," which was good in its way. But a little further along in the same story it was written of her sister: "Mary hath chosen that better part which shall not be taken away." For Mary, as all can see now, had received Him into her heart: and this is what can make of any home an Interpreter's House.

We would be showing you at the next program meeting of the Woman's Society (on Monday morning, April 4, at 10:30) what really has been happening to "the home of the brave" in this land of the free —whether it's my Old Kentucky Home far away, or Uncle Tom's Cabin way down upon the Swanee River, or The Little Gray Home in the West, or an "Apartment to Let" east side, west side, all around the town!

For the home can never diminish in actual importance, no matter how much it may dwindle in size (because of financial complications) and in use (because of social implications). A college graduate may have just written: "Why buy a home? I was born in a hospital ward, reared in a boarding school, educated in a college, courted in a Ford, married in a church; I get my meals at a restaurant, live in an apartment, spend my mornings in the shops and my afternoons playing bridge; in the evening we dance at a hotel or go to the movies; when I'm sick I go to the hospital; and when I die I shall be buried from the undertaker's. All I need is a garage and a bedroom."

But to offset this, a college professor, wondering which was the best-beloved word in the English language, asked six different classes of over six hundred pupils to write their choice—405 wrote "mother," 82 "home," 22 "father," 18 "dad," 16 "vacation," 11 "baseball," with a dozen other scattering words. Of the 600, 527 wrote words suggesting family relationships, which being interpreted means Home with its ties.

Supplementing our March statement in these columns about the world-wide service rendered by the Book and Magazine Committee of our Woman's Society, comes word from the chairman, Mrs. Candlish, that the next project will be—by request from the new Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic—a collection of the latest books of biography and travel, mystery and detective novels, sea stories, etc., all to be at the church around April first. If you have always had a secret hankering for just such a breath-taking dash to the pole, here is a very safe method for adventuring by proxy among ice-bergs and penguins! The committee requests your quick cooperation.

(M. T. A., for the Woman's Society.)

Worship Service Programs in April

Presented by Riverside Guild

Religious Faith in a Difficult Year has been chosen for the theme of the worship services in April. Part of the philosophy which we wish to explain is contained in the following poem:

To live is to do
What must be done;
To work and be true
For work is soon done.

'Tis living for others
To lighten their load;
'Tis helping our brothers
And trusting in God.

April 3rd

In What Can I Believe?—Dr. Fosdick.

April 10th

A dramatized devotion selected from the Psalms—Theme thought—"Out of the Depths I Cry to Thee, O Lord."

April 17th

The Fool—by Channing Pollock.

April 24th

Happiness—Hartley Manners. A drama which suggests that happiness lies in making the most of every day's experience with a sense of "looking forward to the future."

MEN'S CLASS CHORUS
This volunteer group is heard Sunday mornings at the regular Class sessions.

The Latchstring

The Washington Bible. At the joint meeting of the Men's Class and the Riverside Guild, held on Sunday evening, Feb. 28th, Dr. Arthur E. Bestor gave an address on "George Washington, the Man," which we are carrying as a special article in this number of the MONTHLY.

Through the courtesy of Mr. George Carr of the Men's Class, we had the very unique privilege that evening of having on the desk in the Assembly Hall the "George Washington Bible." This ancient volume was brought to the meeting by a committee of St. John's Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M., consisting of Mr. Carr, Mr. Roy B. Kester, Charles H. Hamilton and Charles J. F. Bohlen. At the suggestion of our friend and fellow member, Mr. George Carr, the Lodge had voted at its meeting on Feb. 25th to permit the Bible to be brought to The Riverside Church for this particular service.

The story of this Bible is a most interesting one. It appears that when George Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States, it was discovered that there was no Bible immediately available on which he could lay his hand when he took the oath. A Mr. Morton, who was at that time Master of St. John's Lodge, was present and suggested that they go over to the Lodge rooms at John and William Streets and secure the Bible that he knew to be there. This was done and so it came about that the first President of our country was sworn in on this particular volume. The Lodge is naturally very proud of the book and it is permitted to leave their rooms only by special vote of the Lodge and in custody of a committee appointed for that purpose.

Mr. Lloyd Harding, who was representing the Riverside Guild in the program that evening, read the Scripture lesson for the service from this old Bible and after the meeting it was on exhibition in the custody of the committee from the Lodge. We are very grateful to the Master of St. John's Lodge and to its members for loaning this very precious volume for the George Washington service on the night of Feb. 28th.

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Africa "tunes in" on Dr. Fosdick. In a a recent letter from Dr. Katherine Mabie, whom we think of as very much one of us here, even though her post of duty is Africa, there are some kind words about the CHURCH MONTHLY and what its regular visits mean to her and her friends. There is also the arresting statement that a fellow missionary at a neighboring station recently picked up Dr. Fosdick's Sunday "National Vespers" sermon, using a short wave receiving set. We have had many communications from friends in out-of-the-way parts of our own country telling of their success in receiving the service even before the so-called "hook-up" became national in scope. But we have not before heard from interior Africa. In discussing Dr. Mabie's report with some of the missionaries on furlough who were at the church recently for a social hour, we were told that the reception of broadcasts of programs originating in America was not uncommon among people in Africa and India who were equipped with short-wave sets and who were interested enough to be listening in between midnight and dawn. They agreed that at the present time, satisfactory reception could not always be relied upon. The weather or other unforeseen circumstances might readily interfere. In both Africa and India they are able to pick

up broadcasts from England and Europe with comparative ease.

If this experience of Dr. Mabie's friend in getting successfully the Sunday afternoon service continues, some other designation for the broadcast than "National Vespers" will have to be found, constituting one more demonstration of the futility of thinking these days in terms of nationalism.

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Missionaries on furlough from all lands. One Sunday early in February, a group of missionaries from Korea, India and Japan —some of whom had just arrived in New York City the day before—dropped in to the Get-Acquainted Tea on the Ninth Floor "sponsored by the Woman's Bible Class for strangers who may be in the city." This chance gathering was followed later by a social hour to which were invited 118 missionaries who were found to be living here on "the Hill," doing graduate work and otherwise spending their furlough periods. About 82 gathered on Friday, March 4th, for an informal hour together. Missionaries from 15 countries had been invited, including Belgian Congo, Bulgaria, Burma, China, India, Japan, Korea, Mexico, the Near East (Arabia, Egypt, Syria, Turkey), the Philippines, Rhodesia, South Africa, and a few Americans of the Foreign Student Committee. India with 25 present formed the largest group. Practically all the denominations and nearly all the large Colleges and Universities under missionary auspices were found to be represented among our neighbors. The hour furnished most delightful opportunity to see just who was here and to get into instant contact with friends of similar interests from all over the world as well as from the country nearest one's heart. Everyone had such a good time that, busy as they all are, they voted unanimously in favor of another "hour" and hope that Mrs. Eddy will be able to arrange one about the middle of April so that they can carry back to their "home" work the inspiring consciousness of fellowship with such a large and earnest group and the assurance of the abiding interest and friendship of Riverside Church for the work and the workers around the world.

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Louvain marks the presence of Vesalius and Erasmus in symbolism here. The following letter, addressed to an officer of the church, is in itself an interesting commentary upon the attitude of an old-world university toward two of its distinguished former teachers. Apparently Louvain does not forget. These two men who have found places here, Vesalius in the Chancel Screen and Erasmus in the "Scholars' Window" and in the Screen, were on the Louvain faculty three hundred years ago.

"Bibliothèque de L'Université
Place du Peuple
Louvain
20 January 1932

"Dear Sir,

"Your excellent carillonneur, Kamiel Lefevere, has just sent us a copy of the elegant booklet entitled 'The Riverside Church,' showing the completed edifice.

"On this occasion allow me to extend to you in the name of the University of Louvain our very sincere congratulations for the happy ending of the work which in every detail seems perfect and extremely elegant and well carried out and to extend to you our good wishes for the future success of your enterprise and the continuance of the good work over which you so ably preside.

"I must mention that we were specially interested to note among the carved statues of your Church those of André Vesalius and Erasmus, who both taught at this University centuries ago.

"Believe me, Dear Sir,
Yours respectfully,
(Signed) E. Van Cauwenbergh,
Librarian."

If I Were Satan

I would build homes and schools and hospitals and churches.
I would preach and teach as an angel of light.
I would make everyone happy in work and play and fellowship.
I would make all things luxurious and comfortable for all people.
I would turn their thoughts to heaven and bid them seek the salvation of their souls.
I would urge them to be sober, honest, industrious and ambitious.
THEN—I would teach them the doctrine of safety-first.
I would have them demand increasing luxury and economic power.
I would make them insist that their race, creed and nation should be first in everything but goodwill.
I would have them build great navies and armies upon which to depend for "security" against their rivals or any combination thereof—and delude them into thinking preparations for war would guarantee peace.
I would thus create a military caste, with financial interest in its perpetuity, to foster fear and hatred between nations—and a host of profiteers to applaud them.
I would control the press, the radio, the platform, the schoolbooks, so that only lies and suspicions might be told of other peoples, and only creditable things of themselves, especially in times of emergency.
I would compel every nation to require its citizens to bear arms at its behest and to repose their conscience in the care of its legislators.
I would teach the people to regard pacifists as spineless cowards or red internationalists —and Jesus as a kindly dreamer with ideals impracticable for a sordid world.
I would encourage good people to admire brotherhood and peace, but so engage their time and energy that they would do nothing about them.
I would urge youth to concern itself with sports and clubs and movies, and even with school and church duties—to the neglect of the impending catastrophe their generation would have to endure.
I would have nations establish protectorates over weaker nations on slight pretexts and to their own advantage.
I would have them display on every occasion their military and naval prowess, and bury the ghastly memories of war under an avalanche of bright uniforms, brass bands, silken flags, majestic battleships and silvery planes, lest a new generation know the truth.
THEN—I would drop a spark in some international powder magazine, and watch the explosion spread.
I would compel every nation to go to war on the plea of self-protection, and to defend its national honor by murder!
I would persuade each nation to bring its enemy more quickly to terms by pouring poison gas and disease germs wholesale upon civilians, abandoning the outmoded implements of war.
I would loose all the passions of men until every law of God and man was broken.
I would have every church proclaim and endorse the "war to end war," and every mother send forth her boy to die for "God and country"—until they discovered, too late, that war was ending civilization and mankind too—and God had failed!
THEN—I would LAUGH in fiendish glee, and all my cohorts with me, for I had made earth a hell—and was King!"—L. Earl Jackson, St. Louis, Mo.

The Depression Arrives

BUDGET-MAKING in this particular year is a difficult matter for individuals, for business firms, for institutions and organizations of all kinds, for municipal, state and national governmental departments and, last but not least, for churches. As for us here at The Riverside Church, the Trustees, Budget Committee, and ministers are ready to stand up in meeting and say in no uncertain terms, "the depression is here."

Some will be inclined to toss this statement aside. They will suppose that The Riverside Church is immune from these current troubles. Such an attitude does not bother us greatly when it expresses merely the opinion of the casual observer. But unfortunately this is being said by some of our own members and attendants.

Such an attitude is based on a misinterpretation of what has happened here. These people have found a church building of rare beauty and great usefulness to the parish. Most of them have had little or no part in the financial burden of providing for the cost of the structure. That has been carried by the people of the Park Avenue Church congregation who called Dr. Fosdick and who generously faced the implied responsibilities in so far as an adequate edifice was concerned. That particular obligation is well nigh discharged now, but it never has been implied that the continuing obligation of supporting the current program of the church would rest anywhere else than upon the people who from year to year participate in and benefit from that program. Unusual expenses incident upon the transition period have been underwritten and paid by the Board of Trustees and friends of the church. In the meantime, the ability and disposition of the congregation were being estimated by their actual contributions. The experience of three years has formed a fair standard of expectancy. This year we expect to be some thousands of dollars short of our budget.

We are now sitting down to work out our budget for next year—May, 1932, to May, 1933—upon the basis of that experience. Just how much of the present program you who are contributors, or potential contributors, are going to make it possible for us to salvage does not appear at this writing. One thing, however, does appear very clearly, namely—the depression has arrived at our doorstep.

This means, for example, that at the very least $25,000 must be cut from our present budget of expenditures, that beginning with the ministers all salaries will be cut, that every expense in every part of the church's program is being pared to the quick.

We, as a whole, could not have built this church, but we as a whole must carry its program. Had the depression not come we should be doing it easily. Because of the depression, we shall need to be urgent in our sense of responsibility. Take our word for it, the program of this church is yours to make or break. All gifts sustained at least to their present level and new gifts, however small, pledged by those who have not given—only this can prevent even more radical cutting of the church's program of service.

George Washington—The Man

(*Continued from page* 354)

ready speaker and never swayed his audience by his oratory. Once when he was to make a speech before the Burgesses of Virginia he rose to his feet, stammered, hesitated, and was unable to utter a word. The Speaker of the assembly paid him a most delicate compliment: "Mr. Washington," he said, "sit down, your modesty equals your valor, and that is more eloquent than anything I or these other gentlemen can say."

Of him Senator Lodge says in the closing sentences of one of the best biographies yet written, "I see in Washington a great soldier who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvelous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequalled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. George Washington will always hold the love and reverence of men because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity."

The secret of his power was the rare combination of valor and modesty, well balanced thought and daring initiative, education and experience, passion and prudence. This is the place which Washington assumes in our national life. Great as a statesman, great as a soldier, great as a man.

(We are indebted to the *Town Hall Crier* for the use of their manuscript of Dr. Bestor's address on George Washington.)

A Cockpit That Became a Church

When a cockpit, the social center of a leisure-loving Filipino village, is turned into a church there is something happening in that village. Miss Jennie Adams, a nurse in the Baptist Hospital in Capiz, tells of a Sunday school started by some of her Filipino nurses in the village of Panitan. Soon the people were asking for a pastor. Because they were too poor to build a church they bought the old cock pit and converted it into a house of worship. The attendance at the services has been increasing and many a life has been changed.

One of our members has sent in this version of Hamlet's soliloquy, as it appeared in *The Baptist,* as his contribution to THE CHURCH MONTHLY:

To pledge or not to pledge—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in a man
To take the gospel free and let another foot the bill,
Or sign a pledge and pay toward church expenses.
To give, to pay—aye, there's the rub,
To Pay,
When on the free-pew plan, a man may have
A sitting free and take the Gospel, too.
As though he paid, and none be aught the wiser
Save the Finance Committee, who—
Most honorable of men—can keep a secret!
"To err is human," and human, too, to buy
At cheapest rate. I'll take the Gospel so.
For others do the same—a common rule.
I'm wise. I'll wait, not work. I'll pray, not pay,
And let the other fellow foot the bills.
And so I'll get the Gospel free, you see.

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At Odds

Recently the ministers of The Riverside Church had an appointment to meet with the Budget Committee to consider some radical readjustments in the church program for the coming year necessitated by the prospect of a twenty-five thousand dollar reduction. They arrived at the meeting a few minutes late with this explanation, rather breathlessly given after a hurried trip from a room in the tower to the committee room in the Cloister: "We were in conference with a class of children considering church membership and the questions were so many and so interesting that we could not get away promptly."

That's a good picture of an oft-recurring experience in a modern church. Now, just at this time of year, such a conflict between the spiritual and the practical is readily understood. But let us keep it here and not allow it to invade every month and the whole year.

This is the big reason why we talk so insistently about the budget at this time.

Let us get the matter over with now, not simply to have a hard job done and out of the way but rather that we may all turn toward the other tasks for which we are here. We want to get the budget out of the way, get it subscribed, put into the bookkeeper's hands, in order that we may step out in the freedom which such an accomplishment alone will give us.

We are not impatient with details and childishly desirous of avoiding realities. We rather enjoy dealing with practical things. They can be made to do one's bidding much more readily than can these other matters to which we are impatient to give ourselves more completely.

In the church the business emphasis must always be secondary for most of the time. It cannot be secondary for any of the time, however, unless at some time it becomes primary. Now is the time to think and talk about the budget. Let us do it so constructively that for the rest of the year we can forget about it.